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Zebra-Snake Design

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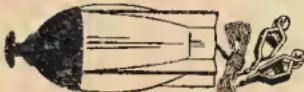


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RANGE

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Please send me the items I have checked off below. It is understood that I may return this merchandise within 10 days if I am dissatisfied.

<input type="checkbox"/> LEOPARD COWHIDE SEAT COVERS	<input type="checkbox"/> BINOCULARS \$2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Front \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Rear \$2.98
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I enclose payment. You pay postage.

Send F.O.O.

THEY LAUGHED AT TOMMY DUGAN WHEN HE TOLD THEM WHAT HE HAD SEEN! NOBODY BELIEVED HIM! MAYBE YOU WON'T EITHER! BUT WHEN THE NEXT FULL MOON COMES, WOULD YOU WANT TO BE NEAR THAT GRUESOME PAINTING? DON'T ANSWER THAT! NOT UNTIL YOU'VE READ WHAT HAPPENED TO TOMMY DUGAN, THE ROOKIE COP, WHEN HE TRIED TO SOLVE . . .

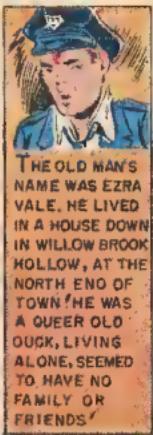
THE CASE OF THE PAINTED BEAST!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE--
I'M JUST SEEING
THING!

I'M JUST A
ROOKIE COP--TOMMY
DUGAN! MAYBE I'M CRAZY--BUT
IF YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT HAP-
PENED TO ME, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU
STRAIGHT! YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT-- I'VE
HAD ENOUGH!

IT ALL
BEGAN
LAST WIN-
TER, WHEN
MAYOR
CORBIN
PUT AN
ANNOUNCE-
MENT IN
THE MAPLE
VALLEY
WEEKLY
ARGUS,
OUR TOWN
NEWSPAPER!

ANNOUNCEMENT
BY ORDER OF MAYOR JAMES CORBIN
ENTRIES WILL NOW BE RECEIVED FOR
A PAINTING TO BE PURCHASED BY THE
VILLAGE OF MAPLE VALLEY. CANVAS MUST
BE A MINIMUM OF SIX FEET BY SIX FEET.
COMPLETED PAINTING MUST BE SUBMITTED
BY JUNE 1ST. THE JUDGES WILL BE MAYOR
CORBIN AND TOWN CLERK PETER ROLLINS.
THE WINNING CANVAS WILL BE PERMANENTLY
HUNG IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE NEW TOWN
HALL. THERE ARE NO RESTRICTIONS AS TO
SUBJECT MATTER OF THE PAINTING. ARTISTS
ENTERING THE COMPETITION MUST BE
RESIDENTS OF MAPLE VALLEY.



I GUESS THE OLD FELLER WORKED PRETTY HARD ALL SPRING ON HIS PAINTING! THEN, THE END OF MAY, I HAPPENED TO MEET HIM, AND...

HELLO, YOUNG MAN! I SUPPOSE I'LL BE SEEING YOU AT THE LIBRARY TOMORROW NIGHT? THE COMPETITION, YOU KNOW!

SURE,
MR. VALE!



THE COMPETING PAINTINGS WERE TO BE UNVEILED IN THE LIBRARY! THERE WAS QUITE A CROWD TAKIN' A LOOK AT THE ENTRIES AS THEY WERE UNVEILED ONE BY ONE!





THE NEW TOWN HALL WASN'T READY YET, SO
THEY LEFT THE WINNING PAINTING HANGING
IN THE LIBRARY! OLD MAN VALE TOOK HIS
PAINTING HOME WITH HIM! IT WAS ABOUT
A WEEK LATER, WHEN...



IT WAS THE
FIRST MOON-
LIGHT NIGHT
SINCE THE
COMPETITION!
I DON'T GUESS
ANYBODY SAW
THAT SLINKING
FIGURE! THEN,
AT THE LIBRARY.



THE WATCHMAN AT THE LIBRARY
DON'T SEE THE FIGURE CLEARLY!
BUT THEN...



THEN THE HORRIBLE SHAPE MADE
A LEAP FOR THE PRIZE WINNING
PICTURE, AND...



THE WATCHMAN WAS FOUND NEXT MORNING PRETTY
BADLY SMASHED UP, BUT HE WASN'T DEAD, AND
WHEN HE CAME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS

I'M TELLIN' YER, IT
WASN'T ANYTHING
HUMAN! IT WAS
HORRIBLE...

GUESS THE MORPHINE WE
GAVE HIM STILL HAS HIM
FOGGY! HE'S BEEN DREAM-
ING OF WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM! NOW HE'S ALL
MIXED UP!



NOBODY SEEMED TO CONNECT THE WATCHMAN'S
WILD TALK WITH THAT PAINTING OF OLD MAN
VALE'S, BUT MAYOR CORBIN DID! AND THAT
EVENING...

THAT
FELLOW, FLANAGAN, TALKS
ABOUT A MONSTER, MARY!
UGH! I'M JUST THINK-
ING CRAZY THINGS,
BUT...

DON'T BE
SILLY, JIM!



I WAS ONE OF THE
TWO JUDGES WHO
REJECTED THAT
MONSTER PAINTING
I... WHA...?

JIM
JIM...



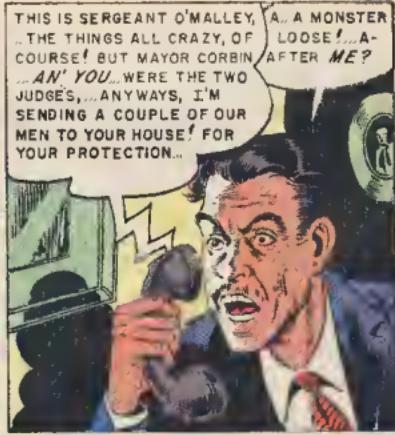
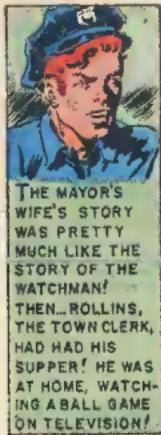
THE MAYOR'S WIFE DIDN'T
SEE VERY MUCH OF IT!
SHE FAINTED!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE
ALIVE! YOU'RE JUST A
THING PAINTED ON A
CANVAS!



EEEEEEOOOOHHH!



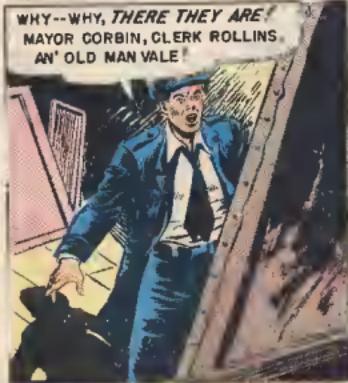






THE THREE GNOMES WHO HAD BEEN IN THE PAINTING WERE DIFFERENT NOW! AND THE MONSTER WAS SMIRKING!

WHY--WHY, THERE THEY ARE! MAYOR CORBIN, CLERK ROLLINS, AN' OLD MAN VALE!



THE POLICE RECORDS SAY THAT THE DLO MAN GOT REVENGE ON CORBIN AND ROLLINS, HID THEIR BOOIES, AND PAINTED THEIR FIGURES, AND HIMSELF, INTO THE PAINTING! AN' THEN MADE HIS GETAWAY! OKAY, LET IT GO AT THAT! THEY GOT THE PAINTING IN THE STATION HOUSE NOW! AN' WHEN THE NEXT MOONLIGHT NIGHT COMES--YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE ANYWHERE NEAR IT? NOT ME!

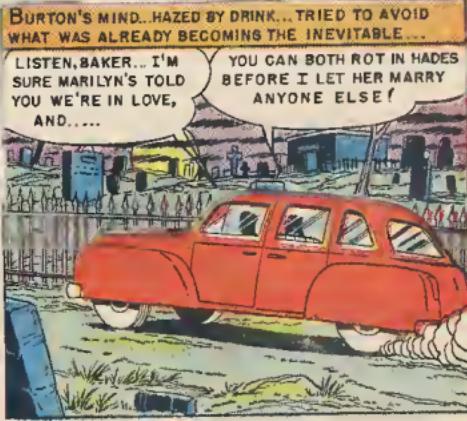


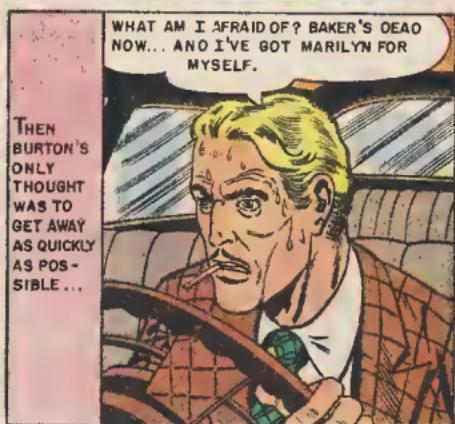
WAS HE DEAD?



WHAT TORTURED MIND, BURDENED WITH KNOWLEDGE OF A HIDEDUS CRIME, COULD WITHSTAND THE SHOCK OF BEING FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEAD? WHEN JACK BURTON, HIS SOUL DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF A MAN HE HAD MURDERED, FOUND HIS VICTIM WALKING BESIDE HIM ON A LONELY STREET... HIS TERROR-RIDDEN BRAIN FORCED HIM TO BREAK THE SILENCE OF THE DEATH-TOOMB, HE HAD TO ANSWER THE QUESTION THAT WAS DRIVING FROM HIM THE LAST SHRED OF SANITY... HAD THE MAN HE'D MURDERED ACTUALLY ESCAPED, OR... **WAS HE DEAD?**



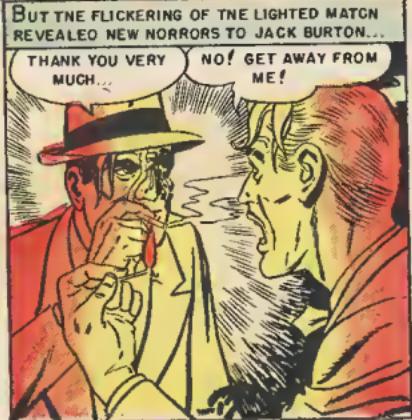




BURTON'S FEARS DIMINISHED UNDER MARILYN'S RIDICULE! THEN THE STAGE MANAGER CALLED AND SAID THAT JACK BURTON WAS DUE ON-STAGE.



BUT THE FLICKERING OF THE LIGHTED MATCH REVEALED NEW HORRORS TO JACK BURTON...



BURTON
FLED, BUT
EVEN SO,
HE COULD
NOT ESCAPE
THE SOUND
OF LAUGH-
TER THAT
FLOATED
BEHIND
HIM.
MOCKING
NIM...





BURTON DECIDED THE SAFEST THING TO DO WOULD BE TO GET AWAY FROM TOWN...

THERE'S SOMEONE WHO WANTS A LIFT... I COULD USE A LITTLE COMPANY RIGHT NOW.

COME ON, HOP IN... ARGGHHHHH!

THANKS A LOT!

THE SIGHT OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE BAKER BY THE ROADSIDE WAS THE FINAL BLOW THAT SHATTERED THE LAST STRAIN OF REASON IN JACK BURTON...

I'LL KILL HIM AGAIN... GOT TO GET INTO THE CRYPT...



I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE KEY, SO...

I'M GETTING THOSE KEYS! YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST!



DON'T... AAAGH!

TRY TO STOP ME NOW!



ONCE I KNOW YOU'RE NOT IN HERE... I WON'T BE AFRAID OF YOU ANY MORE.



NOW... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE SURE HE'S NOT THERE... WHAT'S THAT?



LEAVING THE CARE-TAKER TO BLEED TO DEATH, BURTON WAS READY TO ENTER THE CRYPT.



JOHN UNTER, THE ONE-CRIMINAL CRIME WAVE!" THEY CALLED HIM THAT, AND THE TERRORIZED LITTLE VILLAGE OF MOSSY GLEN WAS THANKFUL WHEN, OUT OF THE STORM, A LIGHTNING BOLT LEAPED DOWN AND KILLED HIM! CAN THE DEAD SOMETIMES BE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE LIVING? JOHN UNTER WAS DEAD, BUT THEN THERE WAS THE GRISLY, BLOOD-CHILLING THING...

THE MONSTER OF THE STORM



EIGHT MILES TO MOSSY GLEN! GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THAT FELLA A LIFT!

PETE TORRENCE,
DRIVING HIS LONG
DISTANCE
TRUCK,
STOPS FOR
A HITCH-
HIKER!



AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TAKE NO RIDERS! BUT A GUY CAN'T KEEP ORIVIN' A TRUCK ALL NIGHT WITHOUT TALKIN' TO SOMEBODY!

THANKS A LOT!



SAY, IF YOU LIVE AROUND HERE, MAYBE YOU GOT IDEAS ON THAT STORM MONSTER BUSINESS! FELLA IN AN ALL NIGHT LUNCHROOM WAS TELLIN' ME ABOUT IT, LAST TRIP THROUGH! 'COURSE I DON'T BELIEVE MONSTER? IN SUCH THINGS MYSELF, BUT...

SEEMS IT BEGAN A FEW MONTHS AGO, ACCORDING TO THE WAY THEY TELL IT, THIS HERE MOSSY GLEN IS HAUNTED BY A HORRIBLE MURDERIN' GHOST-THING! THEY CALL IT MONSTER OF THE STORM! IT ONLY COMES OUT ON STORMY NIGHTS!



GUESS IT
WAS ABOUT
LAST MAY!
MAN WHO
LIVED IN
MOSSY
GLEN, NICE
QUIET

FELLA NAMED JOHN
UNTER! NOBODY
NOTICED HIM MUCH!
TRADESPeOPLE SAID
HE WAS SORT OF
QUEER...ALWAYS GETTIN' ANNOYED AT
SOME LITTLE THING!
THEN ONE MORNING,
IN THE DRUG STORE...

SO YOU WERE TOO BUSY TO
DELIVER ME THAT PACKAGE
OF RAZOR BLADES, YES-
TERDAY? OKAY, I'VE HAD
ENOUGH OF YOU!

WHA...?

NOBODY CAN DO THAT
TO JOHN UNTER AND
GET AWAY WITH IT!

HELP!



THAT FELLA SURE DID BUST
LOOSE AN TURN HIMSELF INTO
A ONE-CRIMINAL CRIME WAVE!

GOT
HIM! HEY, THERE,
WHA? YEOW!



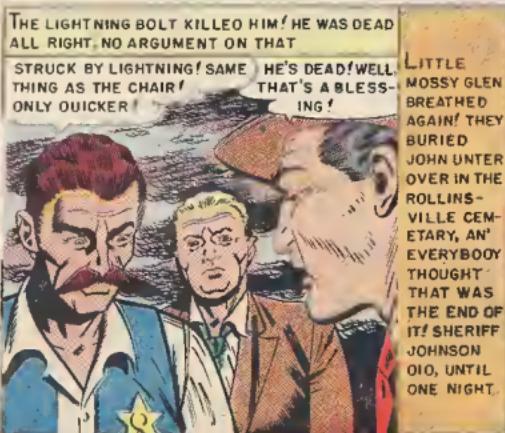
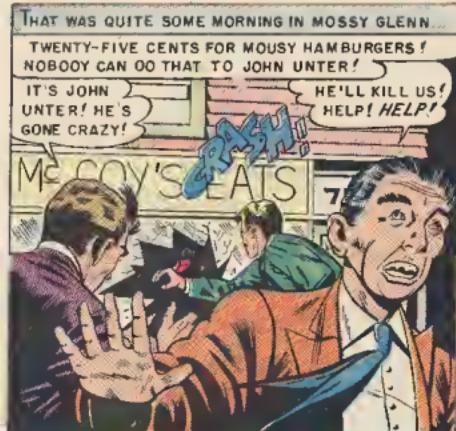
THEN HE RAN INTO TONY'S BAR-
BERSHOP NEXT DOOR... SO
YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP ME
WAITING EVERYTIME I WANT
MY HAIR CUT, DO YOU?



NOBODY CAN INSULT JOHN
UNTER AND
LIVE TO
BOAST
OF IT!

EEEOOW!





LITTLE
MOSSY GLEN
BREATHED
AGAIN! THEY
BURIED
JOHN UNTER
OVER IN THE
ROLLINS-
VILLE CEM-
ETARY, AN'
EVERYBODY
THOUGHT
THAT WAS
THE END OF
IT! SHERIFF
JOHNSON
DIED, UNTIL
ONE NIGHT.



IT WAS RAINING OUTSIDE NOW' AN ELECTRIC STORM HAD COME UP, WITH LIGHTNING FLARES AND THUNDER CRACKS!



AS THE THUNDER CRASHED AND THE LIGHTNING GLARE BRIGHTENED THE LITTLE RDOM, A TERRIBLE CHANGE WAS TAKING PLACE IN UNTER...



REVENGE! H-ELP! OHHH--



GRRRRR!



HA HA!



OKAY, BUT I'M TELLIN' YER I SEEN IT' JUST NOW-- FLOATIN' OUT OF THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE! THE GHOST OF JOHN UNTER! AN' HE LOOKED AWFUL! I NEVER SEEN SUCH A--

WHAT YOU BEEN DRINKIN', CHARLIE?

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, DOWN THE STREET IN MCCOY'S LUNCH-ROOM...



OKAY, BUT I DID SEE IT! IT'S GREEN, LIKE LIGHTNIN'! IT'S-- IT'S-- EEEEDOOOW! LOOKIT THERE!



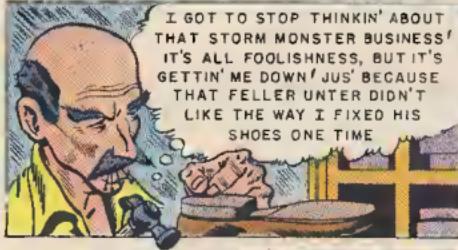
THERE IT IS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU...? **WOW!** **EEK!**

THERE WAS A BRIGHT LIGHTNING FLARE AND LOUD THUNDER CRASH AT THAT INSTANT, AND...

THAT CRASHING THUNDERCLAP SEEMED TO BE JUST ABOUT THE END OF THE STORM, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...



MAYBE THE TOWN WOULD HAVE THOUGHT ALL THOSE MEN IN MCCOY'S LUNCHROOM WERE IMAGINING THINGS! BUT THE STRANGLED BODIES OF SHERIFF JOHNSON AND HIS WIFE WERE REAL ENOUGH! **THEY** COULDN'T BE LAUGHED AWAY! IT HAPPENED TO BE QUITE A WHILE BEFORE THE NEXT BIG LIGHTNING STORM CAME! BUT... WHEN IT DID...



THE STORM GOT WORSE, AND



IN MOSSY GLEN NOW, THEY
SAY THAT MONSTER APPEARS
WITH EVERY BIG STORM! SURE
SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME! MY

CHANCE AGAIN!
HA! HA!



YEAH, LIKE I SAY, SURE SOUNDS
CRAZY TO ME! WE'RE PRETTY
NEAR TO MOSSY GLEN NOW!
WHERE'LL I DROP YOU?

OH... ANYWHERE!
THANKS!



HELLO, IT'S RAINING! I GOTTA
PULL UP A MINUTE AN' FIX MY
FOOL WINDSHIELD WIPER! IT
GETS STUCK



I SHOULD'A FIXED THAT WIPER
BACK IN ROLLINSVILLE CEME-
TARY, RIGHT ABOUT WHERE
I PICKED YOU UP, REMEMBER?
THAT'S WHERE JOHN UNTER
IS BURIED!

IS
IT?

HEY, NO NEED TO GET OUT!
I GOT IT FIXED!



NO! THAT'S CRAZY
I... DON'T BELIEVE IN ?!
HA! HA!



HELP!



THE END

BOYS!

CAMPUS
CHURCHES

SCHOOLS
CLUBS!

GIRLS!

Now YOU CAN OWN
OFFICIAL MAJOR
LEAGUE T-SHIRTS WITH YOUR
FIRST NAME ON THEM--PRINTED
IN GLOWING FLUORESCENT
AND PHOSPHORESCENT COLOR
...IT SHINES DAY AND NIGHT!



These shirts are ...

- // Mode of fine, single-combed cotton yarn
- // Toped shoulder to shoulder
- // Crew-necked
- // Shrink-resistant
- // Very full cut

AND ***Unconditionally GUARANTEED Against

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MAJOR LEAGUE BALL TEAMS



FELLAS and GALS...

OUTFIT YOUR TEAM OR CLUB WITH
OFFICIAL MAJOR LEAGUE T-SHIRTS
THAT TELL THE WORLD WHO YOUR
FAVORITE OALLECLUB IS...PLUS
YOUR FIRST NAME GLOWING NIGHT
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WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR SHIRTS,
YOU CAN CHOOSE ANY COMBINATION
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125 E. 46th St. 3 shirts-\$3.00 NO C.O.D.
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Enclosed you will find my cash, check or
money order from time to cover the cost of
shirts. The first names and teams that I want
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First Name	Team
First Name	Team
First Name	Team
Send my shirts to: (Please Print) Size	
NAME	
ADDRESS	
CITY	



KILL A WITCH!

When Hinchley saw the snake he screamed and ran wildly down the path. I took out after him, and in a few seconds caught up with him. I grabbed his arm and spun him around. He was shaking with fear.

"What's the matter with you, Hinch?" I barked at him, "You're not afraid of a King snake, are you?"

He cried out weakly, as if talking to someone else, "Not yet. Not yet, please."

"Snap out of it. That snake won't hurt you." He was still shaking and moaning. "All right," I added, "stay here while I go back up there and chase it away." And that's all I would do. I wouldn't kill a snake if my life depended on it.

I walked up close to the reptile, making as much noise as I could, and as I expected, it glided swiftly off the path and into the woods.

Then I headed back toward Hinchley. "It's gone now, Hinch. Let's get going."

I started back up the path with Hinch, still very much frightened and dazed, plodding along at my heels. I glanced back at him, and the poor guy was peering all around as if he expected that snake to pop out of the woods at any moment and attack him.

"What ails you, Hinch?" I mumbled. "I've seen you catch rattlers and moccasins with your bare hands to win a screwy het, and along comes a snake that's as harmless as a fishworm and you run away and scream your head off like a frightened schoolgirl."

He didn't say a word, just kept on shuffling along cautiously as if sudden death awaited his every step.

After about ten minutes of walking, during which neither of us spoke, we

arrived at the railroad. Hinchley broke the silence.

"The freights slow down here," he said. He seemed somewhat calmer as we seated ourselves in the little grassy clearing alongside the tracks, but there was still a trace of fear.... fear of a King snake?

"Look, Hinch," I said. "We've knocked around together for quite a while. If something's bothering you, why not get it off your chest? I may not be able to help you, but I am a good listener."

"You'll think I'm crazy like the rest of them did," he snapped. "But I'm not! It really happened!"

"What happened, Hinch?" I coaxed. "Tell me."

And he told me. I'll never forget the wild scared look in his eyes as he stammered out his story.

"It was several years ago," he began, "I was put in jail in a small town in Georgia on a vagrancy charge. I was sulking in my cell when the local police brought in another prisoner and locked him in a cell across from me.

I figured I'd have someone to talk to for a while, so I politely asked him what he was in for.

"I killed a witch tonight," he growled at me.

I laughed. I know I shouldn't have, but it sounded so ridiculous—witches in this day and age!

"Look Mac," he snarled, "it ain't funny. So how about shutting your trap. now and letting me alone?" So I did as he said and shut up.

Night came on, and there wasn't a peep out of the witch killer until very late when the dim silence of the old jail was broken by a terrified scream

from his cell.

No one came back to see what was happening. All of the cops must have been out looking for more vagrants or something. I strained my eyes against the dim corridor light to see what was going on.

The killer had picked up his stool and, cursing loudly, was batting it furiously against the floor.

By this time I thought he was completely nuts, and then I saw it—a King snake about a yard long was in his cell, and he was trying to kill it with his stool, but the snake skillfully evaded every blow.

Then that snake coiled in the corner and spoke! It actually talked, in a thin high cracked feminine voice!

"I've come to get you, Larkin," it said to the prisoner. "I am going to eat you."

Larkin dropped his stool and stood there trembling and mumbling things I couldn't catch. Then he seemed to get hold of himself and laughed.

"I must be nuts!" he shouted. "The witch is dead. She can't harm me now!"

"Ah, you forget, Larkin, the powers of a witch," the snake cooed. "Even in death I can take the form of an animal. All humans are reincarnated in the animal form most akin to their personalities. Being evil, but not evil enough to take the shape of a venomous serpent, I have become this seemingly harmless constrictor, the King snake."

Larkin, frightened though he was, laughed again.

"How can such a small snake as you swallow a six foot man like myself?" he asked in a sneering tone.

"Are you really that tall?" the snake asked tauntingly.

It was then that I realized that Larkin was shrinking. He was no longer the big man so recently locked in the cell. He was actually growing smaller and smaller, and his clothes seemed to shrink with him. Larkin dumbfoundedly noticed his change in size.

"Another of the powers granted me

by Satan," the coiled form said. "Soon you'll be just right for me, Larkin."

Larkin screamed, a high piercing scream as might come from the throat of a midget, and tried to squeeze his tiny body through the bars of his cell. He struggled and pushed, and the snake laughed at him in a hideous cackling manner that made more shivers run up my already shivering spine.



Then she struck and sank her teeth in his shoulder and threw him viciously across the cell up against the wall. She must have broken his back, because he couldn't move—just sat in a heap about six inches high staring dazedly across his cell.

The snake darted out, caught him again and threw her coils around his helpless body. I could see the pressure being put on and hear faint high-pitched screams of agony intermingled with a sound as of chicken bones being broken and torn.

Then she relaxed her coils and took Larkin's motionless and broken little body into her mouth head first and started to swallow him whole, and down he went in slow undulating movements.

The fascination was over for me, and I lost my head. I screamed loud and long. With Larkin fully consumed the reptile looked sleepily over toward me. I was terrified.

"Have no fear now," she said. "I have eaten well tonight, but since you have unwittingly observed this work of my master, Satan, you too must some day suffer the same fate." And with that she crawled sluggishly into the corner where she coiled and seemingly

went to sleep.

I must have passed out then. The next thing I knew there was a noisy commotion in the corridor.

A rough voice barked out, 'Larkin's gone!'

Another voice snapped at me, 'What happened? How did he get out?'

'He didn't!' I screamed. 'He's in that snake!' And I pointed to the corner where the snake still lay sleeping off its grisly meal.

'Kill it! Kill it! Open its belly. That's where Larkin is'. I must have sounded quite mad as I babbled out the entire story to them.

'This guy is crazy as a loon,' the rough voice said. But one of the policemen went into the cell and easily clubbed the snake to death. Then, laughing at me, he slit the creature's stomach. There in the snake was a large freshly killed rat.



'There's a bunch of them rats around here,' the rough voice said. 'This guy is really whacky.'

'No!' I screamed, 'Larkin must have been alive when he was swallowed and then died in the snake's stomach. He was reincarnated as a rat!'

No one would believe my story, and I was locked up in an insane asylum. Finally after a couple years of that I lied to the doctors and denied the whole affair, and for this I was judged sane and set free.

I thought that after I was released everything would be all right. I had seen the evil snake killed, therefore she could never harm me. Then one day when I was working in a Carolina lumber camp I was startled in the woods by a King snake exactly like

the one which ate Larkin. It spoke to me!

'Ah, Hinchley, you recognize me,' it said, and it even knew my name. 'It won't be too long now. I'll soon be hungry.' And with that it slithered off into the brush.

Now I was more terrified than ever. My days were numbered. Just after that I started to knock around with you, and since you know my story you probably think I'm crazy too. But it did happen. It really did!'

Well, I couldn't believe him either, but I did make an attempt to make him think I believed. Poor Hinch. Harmless, but nutty as a pecan roll.

Like clockwork the freight we were waiting for popped into view. We ran back out of sight until the forward end of the train had passed us. Then, seeing an open boxcar, we made a dash for it and were soon not-too-comfortably quartered in the empty car.

It was soon dark and I stretched out on the hard floor to try and get some sleep. Hinchley just sat quietly up against the side of the car.

I woke up just after dawn. 'Hinch,' I said, 'let's get ready to get out of here. Hinch! Where are you? Did that crazy fool fall out of this wagon?'

He was nowhere to be seen. I was the only one in the car, but I felt there there was something else in with me—and there was.

Just inside the shadow of the door I could see a coiled form, maybe an old rope. I walked over to it, and then I knew. A King snake was coiled in perfect contentment on the floor of the boxcar sleeping.

I prodded it with my foot, and it sluggishly unwound itself. I couldn't help but shudder when I saw the tell-tale bulge in its belly.

I reached down and grabbed it, and being the docile creature it is, it made no attempt to bite me.

'Lady,' I said, 'I didn't see a thing.'

And then I tossed it gently out the door. I wouldn't kill a snake if my life depended on it.



THE MATE OF COUNTLESS CENTURIES, GROWING STRONGER WITH EACH PASSING YEAR, REACHES OUT TO FULFILL ITS MISSION... TO KILL! THOSE WHO SCOFF AND TURN AWAY FALL EASY VICTIMS TO THE EVIL THAT DEMANDS DEATH, BUT STRETCHES OUT TO THE LIVING THROUGH

THE MIRROR OF ISIS!



THE QUIET SUMMER AIR BEARS NO HINT OF THE HORROR TO COME AS BRAD STANFIELD AND HIS BRIDE MOUNT THE STEPS OF A LARGE HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL MID-WESTERN TOWN...

THIS IS IT, DARLING. I'M SURE MY GRANDFATHER WILL BE AS CRAZY ABOUT YOU AS I AM!



SO THIS IS ELYSE!- I'M SO HAPPY TO KNOW YOU, MY DEAR... WHERE ARE YOUR BAGS?



AFTER THE INITIAL GREETINGS WERE OVER, BRAD'S GRANDFATHER INTRODUCED THEM TO HIS OTHER HOUSE GUEST... DR. REDMOND, THE WELL-KNOWN ARCHEOLOGIST, AND THEN THEY SAT DOWN TO DINNER...

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, I THINK I'LL GO INTO THE STUDY FOR SOME TOBACCO...

DON'T BE LONG... DR. REDMOND'S PROMISED TO TELL US SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

... AND THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ARE ABSOLUTELY UNBELIEVABLE TO THE NORMAL MIND, UNLESS YOU'VE HAD SOME CONTACT WITH THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES OF EGYPT, BUT I MUST BE BORING YOU...

NOT AT ALL, DOCTOR!... I WAS JUST WONDERING WHY GRANDFATHER WAS SO LONG... AND WHAT HAPPENED TO ELYSE?

AS IF IN ANSWER TO BRAD'S QUESTION - A SCREAM OF HORROR RAN THROUGH THE ROOM...

WH- WHAT WAS THAT? HURRY, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!... IT CAME FROM THE STUDY!



AS THOUGH TO BELIEVE THE SUMMER SEASON, A STRANGE CHILL - AS OF THE GRAVE - FILLED THE ROOM...

WHY IS IT SO COLD IN HERE? ELYSE! WHERE'S ELYSE?

GOOD HEAVENS, MAN!... THAT MIRROR!

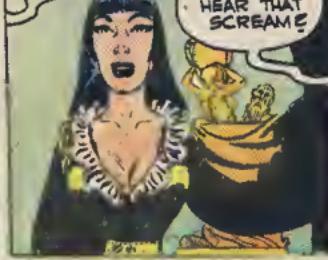
DR. REDMOND MOVED WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED, RUSHED TO THE STRANGE MIRROR ON THE WALL...

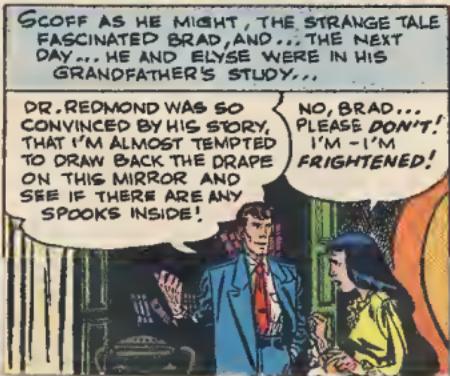
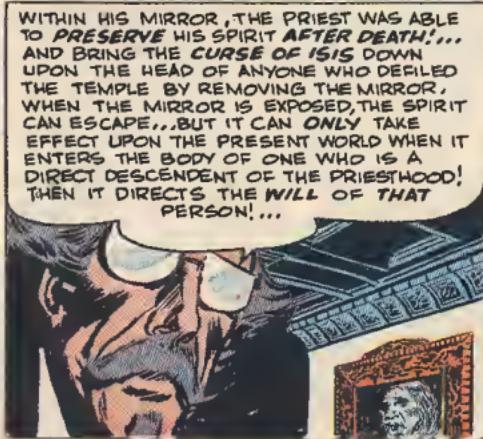
THERE! WH-WHY'D YOU DO THAT?

BUT BEFORE DR. REDMOND COULD EXPLAIN HIS ACTIONS...

ELYSE! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU! - WHY? - IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

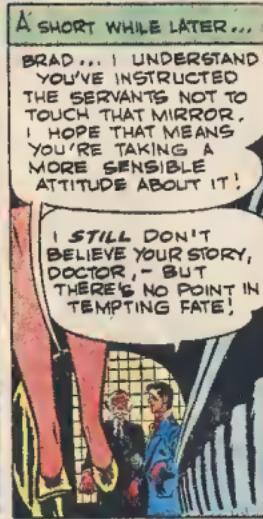
DIDN'T YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM?







SEEING THE REFLECTION OF EVIL WHERE HE KNEW ELYSE HAD BEEN STANDING A MOMENT AGO, SHOCKED BRAD'S NERVES TO THE CORE! - WITH ONE MOVEMENT, HE PULLED THE DRAPE BACK OVER THE MIRROR... AND WHIRLED!...



BUT A SUSPICION, ONCE PLANTED, CAN FESTER LIKE AN OPEN WOUND. BRAD COULDN'T REMOVE THE MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF EVIL FROM HIS MIND... AN EVIL THAT SEEMED, IN SOME UNEARTHLY WAY, TO BE CONNECTED WITH ELYSE!...



BUT BRAD WAS SPARED THE NECESSITY OF SEARCHING FOR ELYSE AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BEDROOM, THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF HIS WIFE SLIPPED LIKE A SHADOW THROUGH THE DOORWAY-



SLEEPWALKING FOR
A MOMENT I
THOUGHT...WHAT AM
I THINKING?

THE NEXT DAY, BRAD
SAID NOTHING TO ELYSE
ABOUT HER SLEEPWALKING
OF THE NIGHT BEFORE,
AND WAS WITH DOCTOR
REDMOND... WHEN A
FRIGHTENED SCREAM
RENT THE AIR...

I FOUND
IT, BRAD...
IT'S SO
HORRIBLE!-
HORRIBLE!

SHH, DARLING...
DR. REDMOND AND
I WILL TAKE
CARE OF THIS.
GO UPSTAIRS
AND LIE DOWN...

AIEEE!
BRAD! DR.
REDMOND!
COME
QUICKLY!

IT'S ELYSE!
I'M COMING,
DARLING!-

IT'S ONE OF THE
SERVANTS, BRAD...
IT MUST HAVE
HAPPENED LAST
NIGHT!

THE MIRROR WAS
EXPOSED AGAIN!...
THE POOR BEGGER
DISREGARDED YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS. NOW
DO YOU BELIEVE
ME?

I WANT TO TALK TO
YOU ABOUT IT, DR.
REDMOND. BUT, FIRST-
ELYSE, YOU GET UP
TO BED...

ALL RIGHT, DARLING-
BUT I DON'T
THINK I'LL BE
ABLE TO SLEEP...

THE SAME MARK OF
THE SCARAB ON HIS
HEAD... THE SAME
TYPE OF DAGGER...
THE EXPOSED MIRROR!
CAN YOU STILL DOUBT
THE EVIL OF THE
MIRROR?

RIGHT NOW...
I WISH I
COULD!
THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT ELYSE
I WANT
YOU TO
KNOW...

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ELYSE'S STRANGE
ACTION OF LAST
NIGHT, PLUS THE
FACE I IMAGINED
I SAW IN THE
MIRROR, HAS ME
VERY WORRIED!-

THERE IS A
QUESTION I'D BEEN
HESITATING ASKING
YOU... BUT FOR
THE SAFETY OF
ALL OF US, I
MUST! HOW LONG
DID YOU KNOW
ELYSE BEFORE
YOU WERE
WORRIED? WHAT
DO YOU KNOW OF
HER BACKGROUND?

I MET ELYSE IN
NEW YORK... SHE WAS
STUDYING ART. SHE
SAID HER PARENTS
CAME FROM MEMPHIS,
AND I USED TO
WONDER ABOUT HER
NOT HAVING A
SOUTHERN ACCENT...
BUT... GOOD
LORD!

YES... THERE IS A
CITY OF MEMPHIS
IN EGYPT! I'M
AFRAID YOUR WIFE
IS INDIRECTLY
RESPONSIBLE FOR
TWO DEATHS. SHE'S
THE INSTRUMENT
THROUGH WHICH THE
SPIRIT OF THE HIGH
PRIEST IS WORKING!

IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT
MUST BE SO... BUT
I HAVE TO BE
SURE! AND THERE
IS A WAY!...

LISTEN, BOY...
DON'T DO
ANYTHING
FOOLISH! -

THAT NIGHT, WHILE ELYSE SLEPT SOUNDLY...

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT
ANYONE SO SWEET COULD
HAVE COMMITTED THOSE
HORRIBLE CRIMES! BUT
I'LL KNOW... SOON!

BRAD CAUTIOUSLY AND
QUIETLY MADE HIS
WAY DOWNTAIRS TO
THE STUDY. FOR A
MOMENT, FEAR-BRED
OF AN INBORN
DREAD OF THE
UNKNOWN MADE HIM
HESITATE...

I MUST GO THROUGH
WITH IT... BUT I'LL
FEEL BETTER WITH
A LITTLE LIGHT! -

WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE
OF TERRIFYING SHADOWS,
BRAD'S COURAGE RETURNED,
AND HE NEEDED ALL HIS
RESOLUTION TO FORCE
HIMSELF TO DRAW BACK
THE DRAPE THAT WOULD
REVEAL THE HIDDEN
HORROR OF THE MIRROR
OF ISIS!

THAT CHILL! - IT
RETURNED TO THE
ROOM AS SOON AS
I PULLED THE
DRAW-STRING!

NOW TO WAIT
FOR WHATEVER
COMES...

AS THE MINUTES DRAGGED INTO HOURS,
BRAD'S EYELIDS -HEAVY FROM LACK OF
SLEEP- CLOSED... AS THOUGH WAITING FOR
THIS MOMENT, AN EERIE GLOW EMANATED
FROM THE MIRROR! - SECONDS LATER, A
SHADOW STOLE INTO THE ROOM AND
APPROACHED BRAD'S SLEEPING FORM...

MAYBE IT WAS MERELY THE
FLEETING SHADOW... MAYBE IT WAS
THE INTENSITY OF EVIL... BUT
SOMETHING MADE BRAD OPEN
HIS EYES...

WHA-Z GET
AWAY!
GET AWAY!





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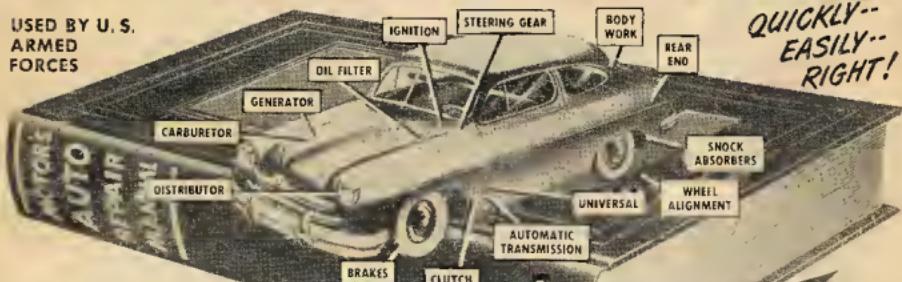
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